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The Diarist Abroad

UTILE ET DULCE.

On Monday—what was the date?—June 4th. I fell into a fit, and, though some weeks have passed, am hardly over it yet, to relieve your anxiety, a fit of enthusiasm. The great grandfather of Joseph Miller of facetious memory, once made a joke upon fit—nihil fit. I spare the infliction, for antiquated puns are nothing fit for a serious communication. As to the fit of enthusiasm, the way of it was this.

On that day I journeyed some hundred and forty English miles by railroad to Gratz, the capital of Steyermark or Styria. I had business, but such as cannot travel for pleasure, must get pleasure when they travel—must get the *dulce* when in pursuit of the *utile*. A good principle is this and one to be acted upon; so as I was to go to Gratz, I awaited a bright, beautiful morning, which promised a glorious day. The morning proved to be a thoroughly German one in this—it made its promise only to break it. You know the point of honor with us is truth—in Germany *'cuteness*. A German coolly tells you to your face, "that is not true—you are lying," and only smiles if you tell him so. But call him a "stupid boy!" (*Dumme Junge!*) and blood only can wipe out the insult—as if God had not made each man brilliant or stupid, while it depends upon each man himself to be above the cowardice of lying! L., now professor in an American college, can tell you how when ten years ago, my face flushed up and my eyes sparkled with anger at being coolly told by the student Hendschel that I was lying—the latter turned to him all surprised with the enquiry, what T. was so excited about! So the morning promised everything fair, and two officials of the railroad of whom I enquired, assured me that the car in which I had taken my seat went through to Gratz.

We ran along the beautiful plain, with the fine range of hills—outposts of the Styrian Alps on the right—past Mödling, and Baden, and Wiener Neustadt and many another pleasant village and small city, until the hills and mountains began to appear upon the other side, and finally close in upon us. And so we came to Glognitz, where the word of the officials and the promise of the morning proved equally truthful, for the car went no farther, and I must leave my seat and find another as I could, in the midst of a dense rain; so I was forced into a crowded car, where pipes and cigars vied with the locomotive in defiling the sweet air. Hence, during our progress as far as the next station, I must confess that I did not feel at peace with all mankind. What use had my early appearance at the station been to me, in getting a seat by the window, on the left side of the car, that I might really see, what I went out for to see? But here, in the deep and ever narrowing valley, I began to forget my little annoyances, for from this point, Puthenbach or some such name, the pass of the Semmering may

be said to begin. During the halt of the train I looked at the mountain across the valley, and wondered, whether that way, which passed along and up its side, with here and there a small house, and with the American telegraph accompanying it—whether that, rising upward at such an angle, and leading in nearly the opposite direction to that in which we had been moving—could by any possibility be a railroad whereon our train was to run! I could hardly believe it. Nothing hitherto in my experience warranted the supposition. We move onward again with slow but steady pace. The valley becomes narrower. We turn to the left, pass a lofty bridge, and our Behemoth moves up the ascent. In fifteen minutes I am looking down across the opening in the mountains upon Puthenbach far below. On and on, up and up, Behemoth gathering strength and laughing at his labor. On and on, up and up, Behemoth rushing over bridges and viaducts, and through tunnels, playing bo-peep with the mountain-peaks, which now hood themselves in mantles of mist and rain, and now rise in bald, bare, rugged pinnacles of rock, with here and there patches of evergreen, like the scattered locks on the head of old Time. Quick! during the moment, while we are passing the head of this mountain gorge, look away down a thousand feet below, upon that sweet little scene, now for the moment enlivened by a ray of the sun; upon the two rows of white cottages; the fields and gardens of deepest green; the road, dressed with limestone, and bordered with poplars, like a broad silver ribbon, edged with emeralds; the people reduced to pigmies. Behemoth sees them also, and, startling them with a shriek, plunges out of sight into a tunnel, whence he emerges with a "chah! ha! ha! ha!"—as the manner of the behemoths is.

No; I have not only never seen anything like this in railroad traveling, but nothing which gave me in my wildest dreams the conception of such a specimen of engineering.

And so we come to the station Semmering, where Behemoth stops to rest after his ascent of some two thousand feet from the plains below.

Again we wind along, pass through a tunnel, five minutes in the darkness, and then descend into the valley of the Murr, which opens into that of the Murr, the road running along the banks of those streams, giving us all the way scenery which, says red-bound John Murray "is most varied and charming, very picturesque and in places varied by old castles, churches and villages." Inclusive of the delays at the stations, a good half hour at the dining place, it is a ride of about nine hours—nine hours as full of enjoyment (had one only a companion of the right sort) as travelling can easily give. Here comes in a laugh, if you are disposed; for a very large, perhaps the greatest proportion of our countrymen, who leave Vienna for Italy via Trieste, leave in the evening train, crossing the pass of the Semmering in the darkness!

When the train at length emerged from the

mountains, and leaped out upon the plain, Gratz, bathed in sunlight, for we had left the rain-clouds behind, lay smiling and beautiful before us. But where to select our lodging? I was advised to go to the "Kaiserkrone," unless inclined to choose one of the more fashionable hotels, and thither upon leaving the omnibus at the market, I bent my steps. The impression made upon me by the inn, in a narrow street, and with the great passage and court lumbered with vehicles, was not the best; but the good, well-furnished room to which I was taken improved matters, and on going down into the neat, clean, fresh dining-room, there was a sight, which at once removed all doubt.

You must know that just at this time some sort of a religious merry making was coming off in Gratz, and among my fellow passengers, were divers parish priests, steady old goers, with broad hats and shiny boots drawn over their trowsers. Five of these venerable fathers sat at a long table in the corner drinking beer, taking snuff, calling each other "Du," chatting, laughing, and having a jolly time generally. This sight I held to be positive *prima facie* evidence of six several facts, to wit; viz:

First, the house was a respectable one.

Item 2, That it sold good beer.

" 3, That it sold good wine

" 4, That the food and cookery would prove good.

" 5, That the beds would be good, and

" 6, That the bills would be moderate.

Whereupon a feeling of great satisfaction arose in the breast of the mild individual, who had thus ratiocinated—which is a more high sounding word than reasoned—and therefore (?) to be used by all newspaper correspondents.

From the banks of the river Murr, two or three miles from the last of the mountain ranges, rises abruptly a huge mass of rock, more than seventy fathoms high say the books, and, judging from the time occupied in walking around it, extending perhaps an eighth of a mile along the water. At its foot and around it lies Gratz, with its five thousand to six thousand inhabitants.

After supper I ascended it. Time was when it was a strong fortification. It is now a pleasure ground of the Gratzers. Beautiful shady walks lead up its various sides, and a place for refreshment is to be found on its broad top. What enjoyment in the mere luxury of looking! The city below, with quaint old church towers, completely surrounding this, the Schlossberg; the beautiful plain and exquisitely swelling slopes of the hills, dotted all over with villas, cottages, farm houses and villages, as in an American view; the river winding down from the mountains and passing with a rushing sound through the city, and under the four bridges, two of them, like malefactors in old times, hung in chains; in the distance, range after range of hills, one behind another, until the view ends with the snowy peaks of the Styrian Alps. Those with whom I had previously conversed had given me no con-

ception of the beauty of the situation of Gratz, and the delight it afforded was all the greater in that it was not anticipated. No wonder that so large a number of pensioned generals and others, grown old in the military and civil services, should come here to spend their last years and their pensions!

I can but allude to the kindness with which I was received and treated during my few days stay, by the gentleman to whom I applied for aid in my researches; especially by that noble hearted man, whose right arm, thirty-three years ago, sustained the head of the dying Beethoven. What beautiful walks we took in the suburbs; what touching and pleasant reminiscences were related; and what quiet hours were those, when the whole family, even to the dear little grandchildren, sat in a humble "guesthouse" garden, enjoying nice coffee, fresh milk, and the light, pure, cool wines of the country. And the stranger was received as an old friend, and almost made to pledge his word again to visit them. Alas, and alack-a-day! will it ever be possible? Can the *utile* of another journey thither pay the expenses of the *dulce*?

Richard Wagner.

(Translated from the French of Louis Lacombe by ANNA M. H. BREWSTER.)

Men of superior talent awaken lively sympathies and arouse profound antipathies. They are praised, hissed, applauded and hooted at. Enthusiasm and detraction walk beside them, fondling and whipping them by turns. While hope is showing them a future, and they are earnestly asking to give a living form to some new conception, quick-footed hatred entangles them, and they hear behind them the biting and harsh laugh of bitter sarcasm. Those of whom we speak however, do not allow themselves to be hindered by this vain noise. Conscience says—Go forth, and they go, without disturbing themselves about praise or blame, knowing very well, that death alone can consecrate them kings.

In the midst of their struggles and sufferings, they feel within them a strange strength, a firm faith. They listen attentively to a secret voice which says to them, "All rules have not been made known; all thoughts have not been spoken. Write, paint, sing; strike out light from your own forehead, flame from your own heart; posterity shall gather that light and that flame, and while doing you justice will bless you."

The true poet obeys this divine voice joyfully, and is happy in yielding himself to the chaste caprice of the muse when she comes smiling with love to kiss his brow. But why must he quit heaven for earth; give up his dream to reality; confide to the crowd his most hidden thoughts, his dearest feelings? Why must he see others crush the beautiful lily that he looked upon as immortal and immaculate?

Why? Because, it is from the bosom of the worker, from the heart of the "laborer of thought," to use a beautiful expression of Victor Hugo, that the spring from which numerous generations shall drink, ought to flow, and no one has a right to let this spring dry up, or make use of it only for selfish satisfaction or purely personal profit.

Each being, each thing does a useful work in its own place. The flower gives its juice or fragrance, the sun its rays; the earth its shades; the

sea lends its waves to different races, who visit each other to-day and to-morrow fraternize. The night sparkles with stars—those old guides of the traveller, placed in space by the hand of God. Humanity in fine mounts up to the Supreme Being, and the laborious hand of the thinker writes the history of the soul.

Man has a sacred duty to perform; and this consists in drawing from his intellectual or moral being, all that it can produce for the benefit of the present and the future. This difficult task may appear pleasant to some; and so it would be if the sculptor, the painter, the poet, and the musician above all, had only the ordinarily correct instincts of the people to deal with. But in civilized countries we find a battalion of critics, between the creator of a work and the public, who are not always disposed to receive innovators favorably.

Although like Voltaire they ask for the new, *n'en fût il plus au monde*, great care must be taken in presenting the new to them. Real individualities startle them, and the first impulse is to repulse them. We are from wishing to speak ill of our brethren of the press. Many among them have judgment, knowledge, sprightliness, grace, cleverness, wit, tact and loyalty. But how does it happen that once in a while they mingle with these noble and gracious qualities, partizanship, personal interest and malevolence? Do not prejudices, systems, comradeship, blind proselytism, and thoughtless enthusiasm by some chance play an important part in the contradictory judgments which come to us daily from the four cardinal points of journalism?

Regarding the works of others through our own *lorgnette*, without reflecting that passions and habit often take upon themselves the ordering of the glasses, each one of us is disposed to make of his own theories, or his own sensations an infallible and absolute law, by which the beautiful is to be judged. From this cause come those unheard of decisions, pitiless attacks against genius, incredible flatteries addressed to nonentities, whom their bad taste or partizanship would wish to elevate to the grandeur of colossals of art, and of whom time, which puts every thing in its proper place, makes ruins, or more properly speaking, rubbish—for ruins often possess majesty.

Notwithstanding this injustice, and these errors towards the living, whom he is called to judge, the critic exercises a considerable influence over the crowd, and it is not a rare thing to see really honest persons denying their impressions of the preceding evening, after having read their next morning's *feuilleton*. If the *feuilletonist* is one of reputation and authority, if he has really talent and cleverness he will certainly gain his cause, or that which he pleads, without the reader even perceiving that a change had been wrought in his opinions.

The public can only be guided by its instincts in its appreciation of Art, as all Art questions exact a special knowledge to be comprehended. Prove by A + B that the pleasure or weariness felt at seeing a certain play, looking at any one particular picture, or hearing an opera is all wrong and in bad taste, and we would wager much that the proof would be accepted immediately. The press has then in its hands a strength which it can for a little while at least make fatal to writers, artists and the public, by depreciating the beautiful and applauding the bad.

The instant a great genius appears for example, all the theories of the past are aimed against it, to prove that it ought to have presented itself in a well known way, that is to say that it should have renounced precisely that which constitutes its individuality. This individuality once established, they are eager to discuss it or to deny entirely its worth. To prove this we need not go back to Corneille, to whom were preferred, we know not how many tragic winters, famous in that day but now forgotten; nor to Racine, who according to Madame de Sevigné was to go out of fashion with coffee; to Molière so unworthily persecuted; to poor Rousseau; to Gluck, whose inspired songs did not possess sufficient melody; nor to Spontini who owed his Parisian applause to powerful protection; for we are able to cite striking examples of the unjust war the critics of our day have made against the most distinguished men.

Augustin Thierry wrote against Rossini's "Barber of Seville," an article, which out of respect to his memory we will refrain from quoting. The chief of our present literature, was for a long while a butt for the most violent attacks, and it was by fisticuffs that Ernani was judged in the parquette of the French Comedy. Ary Scheffer, Ingres, and Eugene Delacroix had to submit to criticisms which curiously resembled resentments. During twenty years Berlioz has been unacknowledged. Now Richard Wagner is rejected. Each one his turn.

Wagner was born at Leipzig, 22d May, 1813. Like Weber, this chief of the cotemporary German school, received an excellent education. We do not know who was his teacher of composition, but we do know that he made his first appearance as composer, at the age of nineteen, in a symphony written in 1832, while he was engaged in his philosophical studies at the University. This symphony which was an imitation of the first style of Beethoven, was performed by the Philharmonic Society at Leipzig, and obtained a flattering success for a *débutant*. Nevertheless that was not the vocation of the young master. He felt it, and the following year he wrote an opera called "The Fairies." In 1835 he composed and brought out the "Novice of Palermo."

The subject of the first opera, "The Fairies," was taken from a tale of Gozzi: the second was from Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure."—Wagner displayed in these two works, of which he was the author of both poetry and music, undeniable proofs of his double gifts as poet and musician. But in Germany as elsewhere one can go right straight into the alms-house with this double talent. However it is necessary to make a living. Richard Wagner accepted the place of leader of the orchestra at Magdebourg, where he remained from 1834 to 1836, when he repaired to Königsberg, where he filled the same office. In this last city, he married the principal actress of the theatre, and then went to Riga; tired of beating time, and wishing to put into execution his vast projects, he resigned his office and came to seek his fortune at Paris. For is not Paris the beloved dream of all who have faith in themselves, and believe in a future of fame? Fortified with a letter of recommendation from Meyerbeer to Maurice Schlesinger, Richard Wagner obtained from this celebrated editor,—imagine what? The favor of arranging movements from

favorite operas for the cornet à piston! It was enough to make him lose his senses.

After having put the future prophet to such a rude use, Mr. Schlesinger, an excellent man at bottom, and who had the rare merit of coming promptly to the aid of his compatriots, open to the poet philosopher the columns of the *Gazette et Revue Musicale*, of which he was then director. Wagner profited by it. He prepared several articles, among which were particularly noticed those entitled "A Visit to Beethoven," and an "Analysis of the Operas of Weber." Consecrating his days to the critic's pen, the courageous artist devoted his nights to his "Rienzi," a lyric opera in five acts, which he completed in the midst of the terrible anguish which inevitably assails the poor men who dare to sacrifice the interests of material life to the act of bringing into being an idea.

"Rienzi" was accepted at the Dresden Royal Theatre, thanks to the warm interest of Madame Schröder-Devrient, the admirable tragic singer, of whose friendly influence Wagner was still ignorant when he set out for the capital of Saxony to direct in person the rehearsals and performance of his opera. The success was immense, brilliant, unheard of. The enthusiastic king offered to Wagner the place of first chapel master, just made vacant by the death of Morlachi, Wagner recalling probably with terror his arrangements for the cornet à piston, accepted the brilliant propositions which were made to him. Henceforth without anxiety for his future support, he thought only of pursuing his labors.

In 1845 he finished his *Tannhäuser*, which was immediately put into the hands of the musicians for study. Every one looked for a triumph, but the universal expectation was disappointed. *Tannhäuser* now so popular beyond the Rhine, was received with a marked coldness. An entire week passed between the first and second representations. What a torment for the author! In order to comprehend the grievous anxiety which he endured during the eight long days of this interminable week, we should read the species of manifesto which precedes the text of the "Flying Dutchman" "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin*."

Lohengrin was finished in 1847, but it was not brought out until some time after, it appears, because the author was obliged to seek a refuge in Switzerland, after the events of 1849; and up to the present time he has never been present at any of the representations of this opera. Sad and curious fate! To know that his work was applauded, triumphant and not be able to hear it! It is like having beautiful children that we love, near us, and being deprived of their sweet caresses! What a cruel ordeal!

Richard Wagner not being able to return to Germany, returned to Zurich, where he lived in absolute solitude, meditating in the heart of that rich Alpine nature, working in the presence of these almost inaccessible mountains, where the eagle finds a retreat, and the poet his inspirations.

We have never read the literary and æsthetic essays, nor the history of the opera and drama which he published in 1850 and 1851. Their appearance raised up new tempests, and was the signal of a fierce battle between the reformers of art and their opponents.

He composed in 1853, the poem of the Nibe-

lungen, a trilogy preceded by a prologue. The composition of this work which is not yet completed, was interrupted by a journey to London, whither he went in 1855, to direct the concerts of the Ancient Philharmonic Society. At last in 1857, he finished the poem of "Tristan and Isolde," the score of which is not yet completed.

The doctrines of Richard Wagner are but vaguely known in France. Truly it is difficult enough to render an account of them without having read his books. But a great many persons do not think this preparation necessary, and they strike first leaving the reason to come after.

Amongst us a witty saying goes faster in a dozen hours than an idea in ten years, and we meet every where, in the drawing-room and in the streets, this amiable gay coquettish young assassin, clever, mocking, fascinating, which is called a *hit*. Always clad in the last fashion, it is received with a smile, sent off with a laugh, and it is found charmingly useful in the highest degree, in flooring a new comer if not killing him.

The phrase or hit, consecrated to Mr. Wagner "Music of the Future," crossed the Rhine sometime ago. It has become the order of the day, enjoys a considerable credit, and all nervous composers large and small propagate it to the best of their ability, repeating it in the loudest and most intelligible voice, something like the Marquis in Molière's "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," repeats his famous *Tarte à la crème*.

"Dorante.—Well! what do you wish to say? Cream tart!"

"Marquis.—'Zounds! Cream tart! my lord."

"Dorante.—But what else?"

"Marquis.—Cream tart!"

"Dorante.—Tell us some of your reasons."

"Marquis.—Cream tart!"

"Uranie.—But the thought ought to be explained it seems to me."

"Marquis.—Cream tart, madam."

"Uranie.—What do you fault with in it?"

"Marquis.—I? Nothing. Cream tart."

In fact "Cream tart" is powerful, and the phrase "Music of the Future" has also merit; the one who made this "hit" should have supped with a good appetite on the day that the thought came to him. "Music of the Future" replies to every thing, like Harpagon's "*sans dot*."

We shall not explain in detail the origin of this phrase. We shall only say that it signified in the eyes of the inventor "*incomprehensible music*," but to the partisans of Wagner, who accepted it in ridicule, of their adversaries, it reads "Music of which you are not a competent judge."

(To be continued.)

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

The Representative Art.

(Continued.)

The stage, indeed, in its various forms, seems more fully to manifest and illustrate the artistic influence among Americans than any other art. It often addresses those whom more refined solicitations might never reach. Those who would turn from Church's or Page's pictures with indifference are frequently attracted by the representations in a theatre. The pictures there are more alive, more real, more intense, and fascinate many unable to appreciate the recondite charms of the canvas. The grace of attitude, the splendid expression, the intellectual art of Ristori or Rachel may impress those who fail to discover the same merits in colder stone, in Crawford's marble or the statues of Palmer; and they may sometimes learn to relish even the delicate beauties of Shakespeare's text, from hearing it fitly declaimed, who would never spell out its meaning by themselves.

The drama is certainly superior to other arts while its reign lasts, because of its verities, its actuality. He must be dull of imagination, indeed, who cannot give himself up for a while to its illusions; he must be stupid who cannot open his senses to its delights or waken his intellect to receive its influences.

Neither can a taste for the stage be declared one which only the ignorant or vulgar share. Though away in the wilds of California a theatre was often erected next after a hotel, the second building in a town, and the strolling player would summon the miners by his trumpet when not one was in sight, and instantly a swarm peeped forth from the earth, like the armed men who sprang from the furrows that Cadmus ploughed,—though the wildest and rudest of Western cities and the wildest and rudest inhabitants of Western towns are quick to acknowledge the charms of the stage,—yet also the most highly cultured and the most intellectual Americans pay the same tribute to this art. We have all seen, within a few years, one of the most profound scholars and most prominent divines in the country proclaiming his approbation of the drama. We may find, to-day in any Eastern city, members of the liberal clergy at an opera, and sometimes at a play. The scholars and writers and artists and thinkers, as well as the people of leisure and of fashion, frequent places of amusement, not only for amusement, but to cultivate their tastes, to exercise their intellects, ay, and oftentimes to refine their hearts. The splendid homage paid in England not long ago to the drama, when the highest nobility and the first statesmen in the land were present at a banquet in honor of Charles Kean, is evidence enough that no puerile or uncultivated taste is this which relishes the theatre. Goethe presiding over the playhouse at Weimar, Euripides and Sophocles writing tragedies, the greatest genius of the English language acting in his own productions at the Globe Theatre, people like Siddons and Kean and Cushman and Macready illustrating this art with the resources of their fine intellects and great attainments,—surely these need scarcely be mentioned, to relieve the drama from the reproach that some would put upon it, of puerility.

New York is, perhaps, more of a representative city than any other in the land. It is an aggregation from all the other portions of the country; it is the result, the precipitate, of the whole. It has no distinctive, individual character of its own; it is a condensation of all the rest, a focus. Thither all the country goes at times. Restless, fitful, changing, yet still the same in its change; like the waves of the sea, that toss and roll and move away, and still the mighty mass is ever there. New York, in its various phases and developments, its crowded and cosmopolitan population, its out-door kaleidoscopic splendor, is indeed a representative of the entire country. It has not the purely literary life of Boston, nor so distinctly an intellectual character; it is not so stamped by the impress of olden times as Philadelphia; but it has an outside garb significant of the inward nature. It is like the face of a great actor, splendid in expression, full of character, changing with a thousand changing emotions, but betraying a great soul beneath them all. New York is artistic just as America is artistic, just as the age is artistic: not, perhaps, in the loftiest or most refined sense, but in the sense that art is an expression, in tangible form, of ideas. New York is a great thought uttered. It is like those fruits or seeds which germinate by turning themselves inside out; the soul is on the outside, crusted all over it, but none the less soul for all that.

And New York illustrates this idea of the drama being the representative art of to-day. The theatre there, including the opera, is a great established fact,—as important nearly as it was in the palmiest days of the Athenian republic, or on the road to be of as much consequence as it is in Paris, the representative city of the world. Fifty thousand people nightly crowd twenty different theatres in New York. From the splendid halls where Grisi and Gazzaniga and La Borde and La Grange have by turns translated into sound the ideas of Meyerbeer and Bellini and Donizetti and Mozart to the little rooms where sixpenny tickets procure lager-beer as well as music for the purchaser, the drama is worshipped. And this not only by New Yorkers: not only do those who lead the busy, excited life of the metropolis acquire a taste, as some might say, for a factitious excitement, but all strangers hasten to the theatres. The sober farmer, the citizens from plodding interior towns, the gay Southerners, accustomed almost exclusively to social amusements, the denizens of rival Bostons and Philadelphias, all frequent the opera and playhouses of New York. When the richer portion of its inhabitants have left the hot and sultry town, or, in mid-winter, are immersed in the more exclusive pleasures of fashionable life, even then the theatres are thronged; and in September or October you shall find all parts

of the country represented in their boxes and parquets—proving that this is not an exclusively metropolitan taste, that it is shared by the whole nation, that in this also New York is truly representative.

Boston typifies a peculiar phase of American life; it is the illustration, the exponent, of the cultivated side of our nationality; its thought, its action, its character are taken abroad as symbols of the national thought and action and character. In whatever relates to literature or art. The Professor said truly, Boston does really in some sort stand for the brain of America. Well the brain of America appreciates the stage. It is but a few months since the culture and distinction of Boston nightly crowded a small and inferior theatre, to witness the personations of the young genius who is destined at no distant day to rival the proudest names of the drama. The most brilliant successes Edwin Booth has yet achieved have been achieved in Boston; scholars and wits and poets and professors crowd the boxes when he plays; women of talent write poems in his praise and publish them in the "Atlantic Monthly"; professors of Harvard College send him congratulatory letters; artists paint and carve his intellectual beauty; and fashion follows in the wake of intellect, alike acknowledging his merits. Boston recognized those merits, too, when they were first presented to its appreciation; and now that they verge nearer upon maturity, her appreciation is quickened and her applause redoubled. It cannot be said that the taste or culture of the nation is indifferent to histrionic excellence, when absolute excellence is found.

No other art is yet on such a footing among us. Neither is this because of our partially developed civilization. It is equally so abroad; where the nations are oldest and best established in culture, there, too, a similar state of things exists. No school in painting, no style of sculpture, no kind of architecture has made such an impression on the age as its music, as its dramatic music, its opera. This speaks to all nations, in all languages. No writer, though he write like Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Lamartine, or Duvauant, can hope for such an audience as Verdi or Meyerbeer. No orator speaks to such crowds as Rossini; no Everett or Kossuth, or Gavazzi or Spurgeon, has so many listeners as Donizetti. For the stage is the art of to-day,—perhaps more especially, but still not exclusively, the operatic stage; the theatre in its various forms represents the feeling of the time so as Grecian and Gothic architecture and Italian painting have in their time done for their time,—so as no pictures, no architecture, no statuary can now do. Painting and statuary, when they do anything towards representing this age, incarnate the dramatic spirit; the literature that has most influence to-day is journalism,—the effective, present, actual, short-lived, dramatic newspaper, where all the actors speak for themselves: other literature has its listeners but it lags behind; other art has its appreciators, but it cannot keep pace with the march of armies, with the rush to California, with the swarm to Australia; there is no art on these outskirts but the dramatic. That travels with the advancing mass in every exodus; that went with Dr. Kane to the North Pole (he had private theatrics aboard the Resolute); that alone gave utterance immediately to the latest cry of humanity in the Italian War.

Neither can it be said that the theatre has no more consequence now than it has always enjoyed. At the time when Gothic architects and Italian painters expressed the meaning of their own ages, there was nothing like a real drama in existence, and the Roman theatre was never comparable with ours. The Greeks, indeed, had a stage which was an important element of their civilization, and which took the character of their time, giving and receiving influence; but their stage was essentially different from that of the moderns. Its success does not depend upon the individual performer; its pageantry was perhaps as splendid as what we now see; but the play of the countenance, that great intellectual opportunity offered an actor by our drama, was not known. In this see also a characteristic of the present age. Individuality is a distinctive peculiarity of the nineteenth century; it has been for centuries gradually becoming more possible; but every man now works his own way, acts himself more completely than ever before. Therefore appropriate is it that the drama should give importance to the individual, and allow a great actor to incarnate and illustrate in his own form and face feelings and passions that formerly were only hinted at; for remember that the Greek players usually wore masks, while there amphitheatres were so large that in any event the expression of the features was lost.

With this individuality, this opportunity for each to develop his own identity and intensity, the nineteenth century strangely combines another peculiarity, that of association. All these units, these atoms, so mar-

vellously distinct, are incorporated into one grand whole; though each be more, by and of himself, than ever before, yet the great power, the great motor, is the mass. The mass is made powerful by the aided importance given to each individual. And you may trace without conceit a state of things behind the scenes very similar to this in front of the footlights. In the theatre, also, the many works contribute to a grand result. The manager would be as powerless in his little empire, without important assistants, as a monarch without ministers and people. What makes the French army and the American so irresistible is the thought that each private is more than a machine, is an intellectual being, understands what his general wants, fights with his bayonet at Solferino or his musket at Monterey on his own account, yet subject to the same control. And the theatre, with all its actors and scene-painters and costumers and carpenters and musicians, is only an army on a different scale. The forces of the stage answer to the generals and colonels, the marshals and privates, all marching and working and fighting for the same end. Those splendid dramatic triumphs of Charles Kean were only illustrations of the readiness of the stage to adapt itself to the times, to seize hold of whatever is suggested by the outside world, to appropriate the discoveries of Laxard and the revelations of Science to its own uses,—illustrations, too, of the importance of the individual Kean, as well as of the crowd of clever subordinates.

That the theatre feels this reflex influence, that it appreciates all that is going on around it, that it is not asleep, that it is penetrated with the spirit of the century, whether that spirit be good or evil, the selection of plays now popular is another proof. In France, where the success of the histrionic art now culminates, a contemporaneous drama is now flourishing, the absolute society of the day is represented. That society has faults, and the stage mirrors them. "La Dame aux Camélias," "Les Filles de Marbre," "Le Demi-Monde" reflect exactly the peculiarities of the life they aim to imitate. And these very plays, whose influence is so often condemned, would never have had the popularity they have attained in nearly every city of the civilized world, had there not been Marguerite Gautier and Traviata outside of Paris as well as in it. Another attempt, perhaps not an entirely successful one, but still a significant attempt, has been made in this country to produce a contemporaneous drama. "Jessie Brown" and "The Poor of New York," and other plays directly daguerrotyping ordinary incidents, at any rate show that the drama is an art that responds instantly to the pulses of the time.

But it is not necessary for the stage to daguerrotype; it mirrors more truly when it embodies the spirit. And never before was there an age whose spirit was more theatrical, in the best sense of the term; full of outside expression, but also full of inside feeling; working, accomplishing, putting into actual form its ideas; incarnating its passions; intellectual, yet passionate; lofty in imagination, yet practical in exemplification; showy, but significantly showy, theatrical. An art, then, that is all this, surely expresses as no other art does or can the character of the nineteenth century,—surely is the representative art.

The Lyric Drama.

(From Boston Musical Times.)

The difference of opinion pretty freely expressed regarding the merits and demerits of some of the *prime donne*, who have lately visited us, has suggested an inquiry as to what constitutes a first class artist, and what an opera really is. Some few are content with a performance which is purely musical, which gives evidence of musical culture and refinement alone; and they care but little whether this be accompanied with dramatic force or intelligence. Others insist that the dramatic spirit is the prominent point to be presented, and that the music is only the medium through which the spirit is made manifest. First music and then action, say the former. First action and then music, say the latter. The truth is, that the musical and dramatic requirements are both so imperative that no one is really a great artist, who is wanting in either. An opera is a drama sung instead of spoken, and if the spirit of the scene be not maintained in both the action which the words imply and in the words which the action accompanies, there results an incompleteness, an imperfectness, which does not satisfy the auditor. If the music only be thought of we can say this is a fine vocalist; if the action alone be well done, we can say this is a fine actor; but in neither case can we apply the name of finished lyric artist, where the performer is but half fitted to that position. No two people have precisely the same taste to gratify. Those specially affected by music, and music alone, are nat-

urally careless of the qualifications which go to make a perfect performance. They do not think or care whether the musical exhibition is accompanied by power and vitalized thought. They watch the school the method, the style of musical utterance, and are satisfied if these evince study and elegance. In fact, they look upon the dramatic element as something rather below the artist, and as the peculiarity of those who cannot sing. Others consider the music as the uttered expressions of the emotions of the character represented, and do not think that character well portrayed or assumed if the sentiments appropriate to the scene be not conveyed more or less truthfully by the performer. And between the two extremes of these various opinions floats the public appreciation of the performance.

Our own impression is that an opera is a drama sung. The words are written to convey the sentiments of the characters; the music is written to express the words, and the performance of that music is successful in proportion to the truthfulness, the faithfulness with which those emotions are conveyed. A person may sing divinely, without embodying in the least the spirit of the character assumed. This may be very good vocalization, but it is not lyric drama. An apothetic or an unintelligent manner is not confined to physical gesture; it pervades the whole performance. Performers may from time to time lash themselves into a superficial passion, may rush to the footlights at the close of a scene with uplifted arms, may drop their heads on some neighboring shoulder at intervals; but this may all be without the slightest real assumption of character or conscientious fidelity to its import. The *argumentum ad hominem* is the best, and we can cite instances to exemplify our position. Mme. Laborde sang sweetly. It was a joy to sit and drink in the sweetness of her fluent warbling. But it was all but painful to witness the inefficiency of her dramatic efforts. Brignoli sings elegantly and gracefully; but he has not the slightest idea of the portraiture of a character, and enacts prince and peasant in the same stereotyped way. Gazzaniga, who is not to be named in the same day with Laborde as a vocalist, is so powerfully dramatic as to thrill her hearers; and Stigelli, whose voice is not so sweet as Brignoli's, completely carries away his hearers by the force and vigor of his personations. And this vigor of true, lyric artists, is not confined to mere physical demonstrations any more than the apathy of others. It pervades everything. It gives the accent to every word; it gives the weight to every phrase; it vitalizes the scene and changes the mimicry of the stage into the reality of life. Some Europeans who reside among us, and who are apt to depreciate the intelligence which a considerable portion of our audiences possess, are clamorous for European customs and tastes and traditions. They say that in Paris, or in Florence, or in Naples, or somewhere, people don't care for action and think only of the music. Putting aside for a moment the fact that it is of no importance to us here what people think on the other side of the water we might adduce many instances which do not substantiate any such idea. Ronconi, the baritone, is a remarkable one, his notorious faulty intonation being entirely overlooked in the graphic intensity of his histrionic power. Grisi himself, has swayed the world quite as much by the majesty of her dramatic, as the finish of her vocal efforts.

We would by no means be thought to depreciate the importance of the highest musical culture. We only desire to prove that an opera house is not a mere concert room; that when a vocalist puts on a garb and utters certain words which appertain to a supposed character, he or she has got something more to do than stand, a gentleman or lady on the stage, paying every attention to the emission of vocal sounds, and no attention whatever to the sentiments they ought to express. This does not satisfy an American audience, educated to a nice appreciation of the best acting of the time. However delightfully a vocalist may sing, the music becomes simply fluent sound, when not animated with intelligent expression. Not simply musical expression alone, but intellectual expression, springing from the active, thoughtful mind. And it is very certain that if this intelligence be not present, the performer will fail to impress the intellects around. There is a two-fold enjoyment of vocal music; one which springs from a sensuous delight at sweet sounds, and another from the mental recognition of the intelligence or depth of feeling which shines through them. These are exhibited in an extended form in the impressions produced by an operatic performance. If the sweetness of sound or intelligence of expression be absent or neglected, the effect produced is unsatisfactory. Therefore is a great lyric artist, one who combines both musical and dramatic ability, and it is vain to attempt to force upon us as great, what is only clever talent,

THE
MAY-QUEEN;

PASTORAL CANTATA,

WORDS BY

HENRY F. CHORLEY,

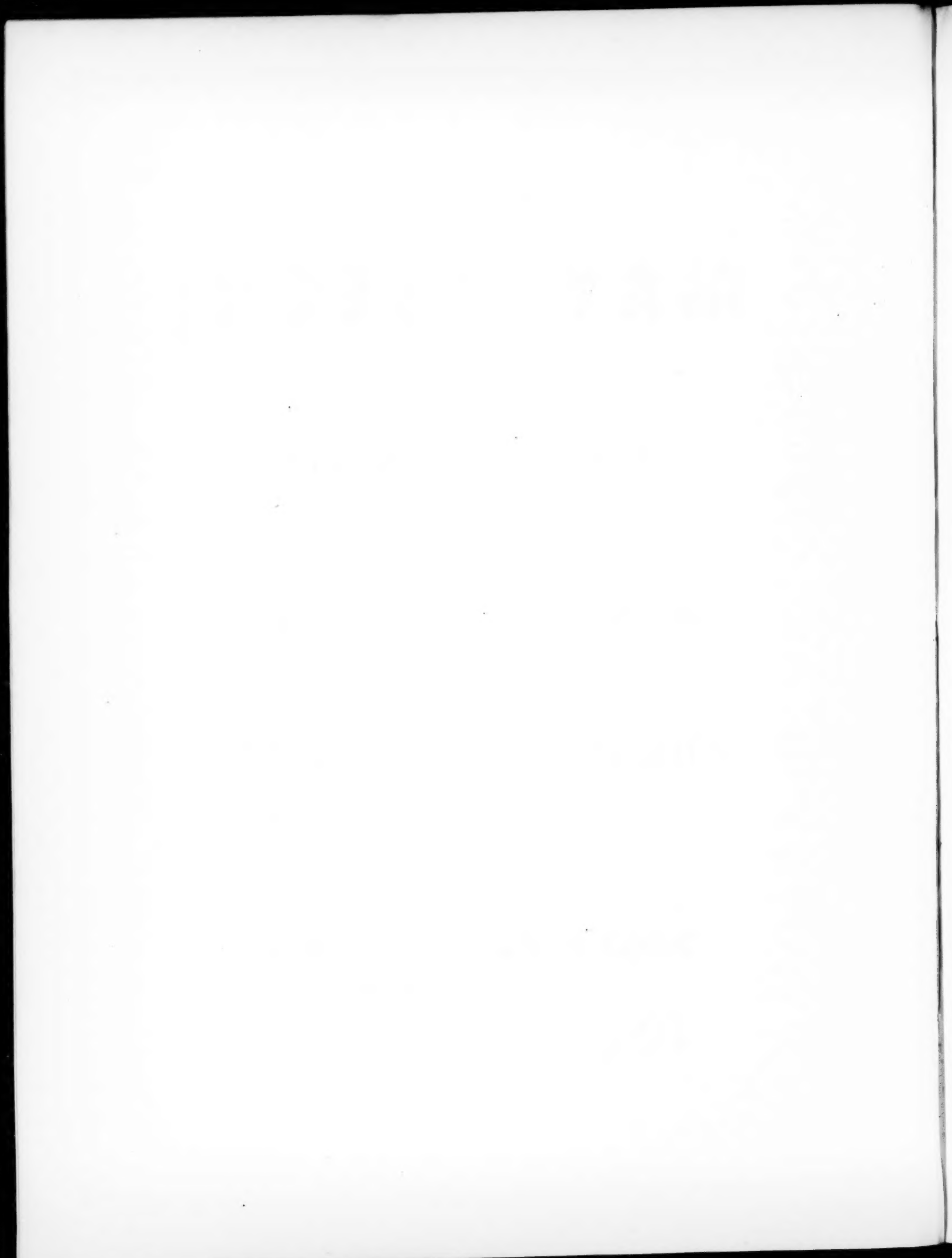
COMPOSED BY

WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

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THE MAY-QUEEN.

MAY-QUEEN: (SOPRANO.)

QUEEN: (CONTRALTO.)

LOVER. (TENOR.)

CAPTAIN OF THE FORESTERS, (AS ROBIN HOOD) BASS.

OVERTURE.—CHORUS.

Wake with a smile, O Month of May
Wake with a song of pleasant cheer:
Fill with thy breath the hedge-row spray,
Tune with thy pipe the river clear:
For Beauty's carpet gaily strown
The velvet green with daisy gems,
For fairer show is not below
Than English meadow by the Thames.

Come hither, young! come hither old!
With lissom boughs and ribbons new,
And sheaves of cowslips pale as gold,
And hawthorn pearly as the dew,
And violets we may smell, not see,
And blue-bells nodding on their stems;—
More bright May-tree there must not be
Than ours beside the royal Thames.

SOLO.—RECIT.

Now that the tree is drest—begone
And hither bring the Queen of May
With rebeck and with roundelay.

RECIT.—LOVER.

Why must I linger here alone,
Who love the maiden best of all?
I dare not look her face upon,
Nor see her eye upon me fall
With coldness worse than angry scorn:—
O woe the day when I was born!

AIR.

O meadow clad in early green!
O river gently flowing by:
Remember all you erst have seen,
And to my mournful plaint reply.
For well ye know the one dear name
So deeply carved on many a tree;
And well the face that hither came,
Through morning dew to smile on me!

Go crown her, all ye starry tears
By eyes of envying rival shed!
Go hush her, all ye sighs and fears
Wrung by her frown from hearts that bled!
Go tell her pride, when she goes by,
I'll lay me down on earth and die!
But never hope when all is done,
To melt her cruel heart of stone:—
O mournful May!

SEMICHORUS.

O melancholy plight
Of undeserved decay!
Can fancy thus delight
An honest love to spite,
And folly win the day?—
Behold him, late so bold,
How pallid and forlorn!
I would not have the gold
Of Ind one thousand fold,
To have with it her scorn.

CHORUS.

With a laugh as we go round
To the merry, merry sound
Of the tabor and the pipe,
We will frolic on the green;
For since the world began
And our royal river ran,
Was never such a May-day
And never such a Queen!

SOLO.—MAY QUEEN.

With the carol in the tree
And the blooming of the lea,
And the riot of the bee
Is my merry reign begun:
And my people, one and all,
Shall keep revel at my call,
Till my faded garment fall
At the setting of the sun.

I have welcome and relief
For the lover full of grief,
Howso'er the winged thief
In a snare his heart would bind,
For the April is away
With her tears for every day,
And beneath the moon of May
Even cruel maids are kind.

LOVER.

Yet hear me ere the dance begin;
One word—but one—

MAY-QUEEN.

Good morrow, friend,
What would ye now?

LOVER.

Have pity, end
This long, long play of cold disdain.—
Have pity on my weary pain!

MAY-QUEEN.

Come, that reproachful frown lay by!

LOVER.

Why hast thou changed thy fancy?

MAY-QUEEN.

—Why?—

DUET:—MAY-QUEEN.

Can I not find thee a warrant for changing.
Up in the firmament, down in the flower,
Round in the breezes for evermore raging,
City and wilderness, ocean and bower?
Till the wild wind with its messages laden
Thou canst set free or control with a span,
O! for inconstancy blame not a maiden,
Nor force her heart to do more than it can!

LOVER.

Why do you cruelly frown on and fly me.
Wither my heart and bewilder my brain,
Why are you beautiful but to destroy me,
Why, being tender delight in my pain?
Can you behold, without memory's upbraiding,
Eyes that are dim as mine, cheeks grown so wan?
O! of each vow that is broken by maiden,
Love keeps a record more sternly than man!

LOVER.

O! so soon to cast me by
For an idle fantasy!
Were we not brought up together
Sharing storm and summer weather;
O'er the same, same clear river leaning,
In the same brown harvest gleaming,
Homeward, hand in hand returning,
The same stars of evening learning,
Needing neither oath nor vow?—
Why is all forgotten now?

MAY-QUEEN.

Clear that doleful, frowning brow,
'Tis no day for pining now;
All this precious sunshine losing;
What if I so fickle be,
Dance with other swains than thee,—
Is it manly to lament?
No—another partner choosing,
Thou be lightest in the ring—
Smile the kindest, loudest sing,
Only for my punishment.

MAY-QUEEN:

Can I not find thee a warrant for changing, &c.

LOVER.

Why do you cruelly frown on and fly me, &c.

RECIT:—MAY-QUEEN.

But enough—my people gay
Clamor for their Queen of May,
And here come the foresters—

THE MAY-QUEEN

LOVER. Led by yonder boastful stranger—
And the false one thus can tell
I must bid my hope farewell
Without blushing, without anger!
What a heart of stone is hers!

BALLAD.—ROBIN HOOD.

'Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight
When a man can couch in the six-foot fern!
And the cold crisp air of the autumn night
Makes the outlaws fagot more clearly burn.—
After prayers (heaven bless him!) the fat red priest
Talks big of his park as he sits at his feast:
There is not an abbot from sea to sea
But keepeth the best of his deer for me!
'Tis merry to spend in the broad, broad town,
Where the mayor snores loud o'er his cups of wine,
And the mercer to clothe us must needs roll down
His wools and his velvets so superfine.
Let the mayor (heaven bless him!) so gravely sleep,
Let the mercer boast of his vaults so deep,
And seal up his chests with his padlocks three,
There still is a bag of his gold for me!
'Tis bonny to feast in the gay, gay bower,
To the harp and the lute and the lovesick horn,
Where they sing and they dance till the mirk night hour,
Is busy as noon, and as blithe as morn:
And the Earl, (Heaven bless him!) must needs commend
His lady to smile on his trusty friend!
There's never a lady of high degree
But hoardeth her kindness of smiles for me!

MAY-QUEEN. Methinks your song is something bold—

ROBIN HOOD. O! not too bold for beauty's ear:—
I am no shepherd-lover cold,
But a brave gallant forester!

LOVER. Prithee, be warned!—

ROBIN HOOD. What doth he here—
This moon-struck boy that loiters near?

TRIO:

ROBIN HOOD. Shall a clown that beauty wear
That would grace the home of Pride?
Shall those eyes beyond compare
An unseemly cottage hide?
Rather trust to me the fate
Of thine heart and of thine hand:
And I'll raise thee to the state
Of a lady in the land!
Then if love thou wilt obey,
When the world asleep is laid,
Through the moonshine steal away
To the hawthorn in the glade.

MAY-QUEEN. Can a simple maiden hear
Such a tongue and feel no charm?
E'en though Prudence in her ear
Mutter low a wise alarm:—
What a mien of proud estate
What a voice of sweet command
Dare I trust him with the fate
Of my heart and of my hand?
No! my love's last word by day
Must in holy church be said;
So—I'll even keep away
From the hawthorn in the glade.

LOVER. Can a virgin heart be won
By a mien so full of guile,
And a soft and honeyed tone,
And a dark deceitful smile?
O the love that scarce will woo,
So impatient to command.
Is a love one day to rue,
Be its guiding o'er so grand—
Ere thou trust him with thy fate,
O beware! unthinking maid,
Lest repentance come too late,
When no friend is nigh to aid!

ROBIN HOOD. And now the greenwood king shall claim
Sweet welcome from the greenwood Queen!

MAY-QUEEN. Not on my lips! bold man—

CHORUS.

CHORUS. For shame!

LOVER. Not while I live to stand between
The wolf and lamb!—here's jest for jest,
As this stout blow shall well attest!—

CHORUS. Part them!

ROBIN HOOD. And must I bear a blow?

CHORUS.

CHORUS. A blow!—Alas! what hast thou done?

LOVER. Made yon disguised traitor know
He shall not feign and fawn and lie,
And her true love stand tamely by.

CHORUS.

Ill fated boy—begone!
For hast thou never heard
The hand that draweth sword
Against his bitterest foe—
Even on mischief bent—
Or striketh him a blow
Upon the royal land,
The law for punishment
Doth claim that hand?—
Fly ere 'tis all too late—
O wretched morn of May!
Hence! poor unfortunate!
Speed! ere they bar the gate—
Hide thee; away! away!

(Flourish of Trumpets.)

SOLO. Place for the Queen!

CHORUS.— Too late.

PAGEANT MUSIC.

CHORUS. Hark! their notes the hautboys swell.
Breathing love and breathing joy:
Hark! the trumpets pierce the sky,
Louder than old Triton's shell,
To proclaim our lady nigh—
And amid the sunny air,
And along the wave serene,
Echo, too, will have her share,
Singing—"Glory to the Queen!"

Thames is proud, and well may be,
Since his waves began to flow
And a river he did grow,
Never did the greybeard sea
Such a bright and royal show:—
All that is not chaste or fair,
Hence away! and hide unseen,
Banished from the presence rare,
Of old England's gentle Queen.

QUEEN.

What mean the angry sounds we heard?
These faces all by passion stirred?—
Are brawlers here?

CHORUS. A strife between
Two gallants for our May-day Queen.
And this is he who struck the blow.—

QUEEN. Upon our lands!—on May-day too!
As we are Queen, shall justice do
Its work—Hence with him!

MAY-QUEEN. O my liege lady! only hear
The pleading of repentant shame!
On me let judgment fall severe,
Whose vanity is all to blame;
If dazzled by my mimic state,
His loving heart I madly tried,
Hear me declare, alas!
I love but him, and none beside.—
With breaking heart, on bended knee,
I pray for grace.—O set him free!—

QUEEN. Which is the other?

CHORUS. Stand aside!—
(To the Queen) The one who seeks his face to hide.

QUEEN. (To Robin Hood) What? you, my lord, in vile array!
What would your plighted lady say?
You, to a village girl descend!—
Shame! from our presence! Hence! Amend.
(To May-Queen.) For you, my maiden all too gay
To wear again the crown of May,
Wed him at morn, your folly o'er,
And trifle with true love no more.
Lead on, my Lords.

CHORUS. God save the Queen!
So gaily ends the troubled scene.

CHORUS.—FINALE.

And the cloud hath passed away
That was heavy on the May:—
And the river floweth fair,
And the meadow bloometh green:—
They embrace no more to part,
While we sing from ev'ry heart,
A blessing on the bridal!
A blessing on the Queen!

cultivated in one direction only, and wanting in some of the fundamental qualifications of greatness.

We have heard and seen too much in this country to be any longer under the dictation of European minds. The cultivated amateurs of this country bring to bear upon their judgment of these things not only musical taste but a generally refined and educated intellect. The time has gone by when we must be supposed to accept as final the quoted opinion of Europe. Our preferences are as well founded as those of any other nation; with that nervous energy which characterizes the race we seize upon and explore a topic by the light of our generally diffused culture. Those who make music the sole study and occupation of their lives are unquestionably competent to judge of musical efforts; but they are not necessarily the best judges of dramatic power, nor necessarily appreciative of that profundity of expression or refinement of nature which are instinct in high-toned natures, and the absence or presence of which is discernible by kindred sympathies.

The artists who have achieved the greatest successes in this country are those who have evinced a combined musical and dramatic ability, and in practice as well as theory the energy of the actor added to culture of the vocalist is necessary to constitute a thorough lyric vocalist.

CAROLUS.

The Old Pitch-Pipe.

We wonder how the fathers of New England contrived to pitch their psalm-tunes, during that long interval when no musical instrument was tolerated in the sanctuary. Perhaps the tempest and the war-whoop confounded their idea of harmony, and the pitch of their tunes was as little cared for as the water-mark on the beach. It was enough that amid hardship and privation they could still keep the quaint old melodies treasured like holy memories in their hearts, and let them ring out in the wilderness, as the spirit moved, in glorious independence of those rules and forms they had grown tired of beyond the sea. Perhaps their few simple tunes were so uniformly the outpourings of the heart in song that they pitched themselves, and rose or fell with the ebb and flow of emotion, and only ceased when this had spent itself.

But in course of time they missed the chorister as well as pastor they had parted from at Leyden; and in spite of their prejudices, there were seasons, we doubt not, when even the winds and waves awakened yearnings in secret to hear again the old majestic organ tones, that they had foolishly surrendered to the "man of sin." They called no man master, but by and by the schoolmaster came, and close upon his heels followed the singing-master. But with all his resources it puzzled him to find the "pitch." The harps were left hanging on the willows, after their owners had escaped from captivity; and for an hundred years they hung there, tantalizing the Puritan chorister in his dubious search for the key-note. The best disciplined and developed voice is of itself inadequate to such an emergency, and it almost instinctively waits for some artificial help at the start. On occasions, where entire accuracy of pitch seems superfluous, and the rules of rhythm and harmony are suspended, some one ventures to start a tune, and the rest follow his lead, growing bolder and more confident after surmounting the opening stanza, until it becomes a matter of indifference how they started and where they alight. But our forefathers were evidently cured of their unworthy prejudice against any instrumental accompaniment in the sanctuary by this one difficulty of "getting the pitch." They had enough ups and downs, hems, twists and turns, without going through the process in maintaining a mere prejudice, "more honored in the breach than the observance."

So one Sabbath there was stealthily introduced into the singers' gallery a little box some six inches long, four wide, and one thick, furnished with a mouth-piece and slide, on which were registered the letters of the octave. The minister gave out the psalm and gravely resumed his seat. A solemn pause ensued, during which the chorister is busy inaugurating a new era for church music in New England. Having moved the slide to the proper letter, he tremblingly applies his lips to the mouth-piece, and toots forth the key-note. But this simple sound, we are told, had to be made cautiously, and the pitch to the other parts carefully found and dexterously handed round, to prevent detection and consequent reproof from the fathers for sounding an instrument in the church!

Ere long, however, the pitch-pipe won its way to favor, as it only tooted the key-note and invaded the sanctity of the meeting-house no further. By and by it ushered in the flute and viol to accompany the voice through the psalm, and the sensibilities of the

fathers survived even that shock. Following up the advantage, a big bass viol suddenly loomed up in the singers' gallery, casting almost as much of a shadow as a small organ. It threatened at first to throw the pulpit into the shade, and was watched suspiciously as some "infernal machine" of the adversary for sowing tares. But it did good service in more ways than one. It succeeded better than the tithing-man in stilling the boys in the gallery, as it twanged out those heavy rumbling vibrations. Now at length the foundations for the pitch of tunes were laid deep and broad, and that full, prolonged sounding of the key-note by instruments and voices gave assurance that this was strongly secured.

But instruments like players would get out of tune amid the distractions of the busy week. So when the Sabbath came round again old heads with their prejudices still unconquered shook dubiously while the tuning of instruments was in progress. That was rather an incongruous performance at the opening of service. It required unusual powers of abstraction for the worshipper to keep in a devout frame while the wind and stringed instruments yonder were trying to reconcile their differences. To the wayward imagination it would suggest the howling of the "bulls of Bashan" or the wailings of lost spirits, until the solemn invocation from the pulpit cut short those wails and groans, dispelled the illusion. Yet they were devout men in those days, who played the viol in accompaniment to the choir, and though they have since "hung up the fiddle and the bow," they will ever cherish pleasant memories of those Sabbath days and evenings in the singers' gallery.

To every son of Jubal it is pleasant to note how the current of public sentiment has been eddying back to the organ. The need of full harmony in instrumental accompaniment and the inconvenience and uncertainty attending the introduction of a diversity of instruments has created a demand for such as would enable a single player on the key-board to sustain each part that was sung. So something approximating to the organ has found a welcome in the humblest church; and voluntaries, preludes and interludes are expected as regularly as "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs." Prejudices still have to be encountered, but far less bitter and uncompromising than a century ago. Real merit is sooner or later appreciated, and what is wrong is very apt like the scorpion to sting itself to death. The descendant of the Pilgrims is not yet won over to Rome as his fathers feared by that noble instrument they sacrificed to Romish prejudice, but often does his soul soar on the wings of those majestic harmonies far above all cumbrous rites and ceremonies "quite in the verge of Heaven."

What church or choir that has an organ would do without it now? Larks and nightingales sing always without an instrument, and so the voice may warble and soar free as the birds. But the most independent of voices must lean on some attendant instrument as its stay and staff, and mounts on those accompanying strains to its highest achievements. Even the Swedish nightingale, that sang because she could not help singing, was dependent on her orchestra; though at times each player stood still, listening in mute admiration to that marvelous voice so far transcending all human mechanism. Let others do as they will, we mean ever to cherish with filial reverence the memory of Jubal. Some one has pictured him as he sits in primitive attire surrounded by a group of youth that he is showing how to play on his first instrument, the shepherd's pipe. The faithful dog is watching the performance eagerly as the rest, and the flock has stopped its grazing at a little distance to catch those novel strains. How the "father of all such as handle the harp and organ" must rejoice as he sees how that first little group of votaries has spread itself, until, by and by, every church is likely to have some sort of organ, and every village its brass band.

Well, this venerable pitch-pipe never sent forth so prolonged a "toot" before; and we have taken liberties with it, that may have betrayed irreverence for its age. It has come down to us with the old key-note unimpaired, and it sounds the pitch as faithfully as it did four-score years ago. But we keep it, like the old-fashioned tunes, more in memory of the past, than for use in the present.

W. E. B.

The Statue of Flora in the Central Park.— Influence of Ideal Statuary.

(From the Crayon for August.)

Good intentions in respect to art matters generally obtain but little credence from us, preferring, as we do, to await their fulfilment before giving them currency. A rumor of one, however, comes to us that we are especially glad to chronicle, because it is of

pioneer value. We allude to the report that Mr. R. K. Haight intends to present his beautiful statue of "Flora," by Crawford, to the Central Park. We are rejoiced to hear of such a prospective gift to the public, because it is the first instance here of a purely ideal statue being set up before the people.

The "Flora" is quite different from the public works of art our people are familiar with. It is not a statue of a hero, ancient or modern, exhibiting the usual absurdities of conventional costume, nor is it a statue symbolical of personal or national vanity; it is a statue embodying a sentiment common to all mankind—the love of flowers—one which the lowest extreme of democracy can appreciate equally with the highest. The subject is treated so as to be perfectly intelligible to the least cultivated fancy, and therefore well adapted to a public thoroughfare. There are many good reasons why we should have ideal statues on our highways, and we shall give one or two of them. The "great unwashed" who throng our streets and rule them, and who will inevitably throng and rule in the trim paths and intricate rambles of the Central Park, in spite of wealth, propriety and the police, may respect ideal statues and sentiment, when they will not respect either law, persons or places, and what we wish to lay most stress on, democracy will respect ideal statues when it will injure and deface the statues of common heroes.

The democrat loves to exercise his judgment, even in regard to a monument. If the monument be erected in honor of a national individual, the democrat views it as an infringement on his rights. He regards it as a rival. Before an object of beauty, however, the attributes of which are not constitutionally defined by any legislator he knows of, he will resign his pretensions, and yield to a natural sentiment. Politicians, from Mark Antony down to these days, well know that the Democracy possesses, and is ruled by sentiments; we contend that the artist has an "equal right" with the politician to use it for public utility. We have no precedent on our own soil to appeal to, but since Terpander did with music allay a sedition in Sparta, we do not know why artists here should not have a chance to try similar aesthetic experiments in an equally seditious community.

This brings us to the local and specific reasons for wishing to see the "Flora" in the Central Park. We will not dwell on the universal love of woman, even by impolitic democrats, except to suggest that a marble female form, pure in fancy and material, may greatly assist in preserving order. A fine ideal statue like the "Flora" would, wherever it could be seen, be more effective in any given area than twenty policemen. We would have one visible in the Park at every turn, and placed in the Park solely on account of order. The noblest ideas of the past, the ideas which have ever exercised positive control over the masses, have ever been associated with female forms, as is easily recognized by studying the worship of Minerva by the noblest people of antiquity, and of the Madonna by the millions of the middle ages. If these references are not sufficient, we can refer to the statue of Joan of Arc, so patriotically revered by the French masses of the present day.

We are quite prepared for the vulgar exclamation of "idolatry!" In reply to this we would rather see noble ideas symbolized in the quiet forms of beauty on our highways than intellectually mauled and polluted by politicians in our national assemblies. If we could have more statues and fewer statutes, the people would be better governed than they are now. Intelligible ideal statues, embodying ideas hallowed by conscience, we are confident, will preserve common conditions of order in public places better than any law the sharpest legislator can devise. We do not believe that the sacred influence of art is yet impaired by "progress," nor its utility drowned in the sea of American intelligence. We repeat our desire to have the Flora in the Central Park, and hope Mr. Haight will convert his intention into a fixed fact. The act will immortalize him. Now is the time, too, to carry out good ideas, while the Central Park is in good hands. How long it will be so, who can tell?

The people of Calais and Eastport have just been enjoying a rare musical treat. Mrs. C. Varian James, a native of Eastport, who has been eight years pursuing musical studies in Italy, has given concert with great success. She sang in Rome, before His Holiness the Pope, at his special request, and is destined to make a profound impression on the mind of the musical world in our chief cities. With a person and countenance of remarkable beauty, and entire naturalness of manner, accompanying a voice of perfect purity and great compass and power, together with a culture equal to that of Biscaccianti, she carried all hearts by storm.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 11, 1860.

Ball's Washington.

Music seems destined to undergo a temporary *estivation* during the dog days. Orchestras are disbanded, violins sleep in their green bags, and contra-bassi are laid up in ordinary. There are no concert posters at the street corners; serenades are unfrequent and lugubrious; even the learners have laid aside their dyspeptic flutes and moaning horns, and the neighboring attics are still. Miss Flora has left her piano for the beach, and listens now only to the music of the waves as they break upon

"the whispering, shelly shore."

Decidedly there is nothing for the musical journalist to do. Necessity, therefore, led us to look about for some congenial topic, and we were not long in finding one in the studio of our friend, THOMAS BALL. The colossal statue of WASHINGTON upon which he is engaged, required a room specially adapted for the purpose, and a very commodious building has been erected for him in the rear of Chickering's pianoforte manufactory. A revolving platform, much like a locomotive "turn-table," with a large iron shaft in the centre, will serve for the support of the model; so that the effect can be studied from every angle as the work progresses. Little of the modelling has been done as yet, the preparations having taken much time and forethought. The head of the great commander is finished, however, and a very noble one it is; the countenance is serene, but not without the marks of a stern will, and not refined, after the manner of some artists, until all that is human is gone. We sincerely hope the sculptor will remember that Washington after all was only a man; and that the statue will be successful just in proportion to the *humanity* that is expressed in it. We do not want an Olympian Jupiter, with his head above the clouds. And though anger may not be the most agreeable mood in which a great man might appear, rather than endure the soulless inanities which have too often worn the name of Washington, we could far rather see our hero depicted in his noble rage, as he rode up with scintillating eyes and curved nostrils, swearing at the perfidy of General Lee.

Mr. Ball has just completed the model for a bust of the venerable Dr. Wayland, of Providence. The likeness is admirable, and in truth a sculptor could hardly desire a better subject. All who remember the massive head, the overhanging brows, the simple dignity, the mingled firmness and suavity of the original will acknowledge this as one of the very best of the artist's works.

The model of the "Minute-Man," designed for the Lexington monument, has been completed for some time, and has been every where admired for its striking attitude and earnest expression. The whole figure is instinct with life, and if the efforts of the Lexington committee are successful, we shall have in this one of the very finest statues of modern times.

Translated for this Journal.

Extracts from Spohr's Autobiography.

A COURT CONCERT.

From Munich our route lay towards Stuttgart, where we had recommendations to the court. I

handed these to the master of ceremonies and received a note from him the very next day, stating that we should be heard at court. But in the meanwhile I had been informed that it was the custom at court to play cards during the concerts and that but little attention was paid to the music. I carried with me from Brunswick a strong feeling against such profanation of the art, and took the liberty to tell the master of ceremonies that I and my wife would play before the court only on condition that His Majesty would condescend to suspend the game during our performance. The man got thoroughly frightened at such a bold demand, and cried, "What! You make conditions to my most gracious master? How dare I report this to him!" "Then I must renounce the honor of being heard by the court," was my simple reply, whereupon I took my leave. How the master of ceremonies managed to communicate to the king such an unheard-of demand, and how the king persuaded himself to accede to it, I have not learned. The result, however, was that I received word from the master of ceremonies that His Majesty had granted my wish, but with the condition that the pieces which we were to play should succeed each other, so as not to incommode His Majesty too often.

This was done accordingly. As soon as the king and company had taken their seats at the card-tables the concert began with an overture which was followed by an aria. During this time the lackeys ran ncisily to and fro, offering refreshments, and the players cried out their "I play" and "I pass," so loud that most of the music and singing was lost. That over, the master of ceremonies came to me to say that I should get ready. He then informed the King that the strangers were about to begin, whereupon His Majesty rose, the rest following. Lackeys placed two rows of chairs behind the orchestra, upon which the company took their seats. Our playing was listened to very attentively and in silence; yet nobody dared applaud, as His Majesty did not set the example. The king's attention manifested itself only by an inclining of the head towards us at the conclusion. As soon as we had finished, everybody hurried back to the card-tables and presently there was the same noise as before.

During the rest of the concert I had leisure to look around. I directed my attention principally to the king's table, from which, to render His Majesty as comfortable as his corpulence would permit, a segment had been cut out, into which the royal belly fitted precisely. The hugeness of the latter and the smallness of the kingdom gave rise to a smart caricature, representing the King in full, regal costume, a map of Wurtemberg suspended from the lowest button of his long waistcoat, exclaiming; "I cannot overlook my possessions."

As soon as the king had finished his game and moved his chair the concert was abruptly concluded in the midst of an aria sung by Madame Graff, so that the last notes of a cadence actually remained stuck in her throat. The musicians, used to such vandalism, packed their instruments away very unconcernedly; but I was deeply angry at such degradation of the art.

HOW THE DUKE OF GOTH A "COMPOSED."

At that time the duke, excited perhaps by my vocal compositions, showed a desire to set to music one of his larger poems, a kind of Cantata. He did me the honor to consult me about it. But as the Duke could not make up his mind to divulge to me his ignorance in music, he applied for assistance to his old music-teacher, the Concert-master Reinhard. The latter afterwards told me in hour of confidential chat we had together, how the Cantata was done into music. The Duke read to his teacher, who was sitting at the piano, a few lines of his libretto, and gave his ideas how the text should be set. The Duke having once read or heard something about the different

character of the keys, Reinhard was next required to strike a few chords in each key, until the Duke had found the proper one for his text. If the words were lively and cheerful, the major mode was chosen, if mournful, the minor. It happened one day that the Duke thought the major mode too cheerful and the minor mode too gloomy for his text, and desired poor Reinhard to sound a mode between the two, *half minor*! When the key had been fixed on, the melody was the next thing. The Duke began to whistle all melodies that would come into his head. Reinhard, who listened attentively, would wait until a melody came up to which he thought the text might be fitted when he stopped the Duke and wrote it down. Two or three lines of the poem being disposed of in this manner the same proceeding was gone through with the next ones. The sketch of the Cantata, as it had been written down in such hours of inspiration was now handed to Backofen, one of the Duke's chamber-musicians, to write out the score, as Reinhard knew nothing of instrumentation. Backofen could of course make little use of the materials furnished him and had to compose almost the whole Cantata over again. As he had much talent for composition, his music was quite tolerable. The work thus finished was now written out, studied under my direction, and at last performed at a Court-concert. The Duke who must have been slightly astonished to find how well his music sounded, accepted the congratulations of the Court with a self-satisfied mien. He even complimented me that I had so well understood his intentions and secretly paid his two associates a handsome amount. In this manner everybody was pleased.

Musical Chit-Chat.

BENEVENTANO. — We find the following item in a Vienna letter of the "Signale" (Leipsic):

Sig. Beneventano is much better off with regard to voice than Varesi. He has a voice as big as a house, and lungs like a locomotive. It has been common to compare his singing to the roaring of a lion. I do not know whether the Signor will feel much flattered by this natural-historical comparison; but really, when he, slowly advancing from the background of the stage close to the footlights, prolongs a note to an awful crescendo, one must be excused for entertaining some fears not only for one's personal safety but also for the good taste of Sig. Beneventano. A duet (as for instance the one in *I Puritani*) sung by Signor B. and Mr. Beck (of the German Opera) would have a shaking power. It would be more than a treat; it would be a feast for the ears.

The Draytons are giving their pleasant parlor operas at Buffalo, and are meeting with well deserved success.

MONTREAL THEATRE ROYAL.—The French Opéra Comique from New Orleans are playing an engagement here. Mlle. D'Arcy, and Messrs. Philippe and Genibrel are the principals. Can they not visit us in Boston?

The *Nationale* of Brussels thus criticises the début of an American *prima donna*, Miss Hinckley, of Albany, at the Theatre du Cirque of that city, in "Lucia di Lammermoor":

"Lucia di Lammermoor," Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre*, is the most popular of all operas—the melodies are known to all; there is scarcely a note of it which may not be heard in the street; and yet the announcement of the representation of "Lucia" by the Italian troupe, drew to the Theatre du Cirque an immense crowd. It was not the first time they had been attracted there—"Ernani," "Le Barbier," "Don Pasquale," "Le Mariage Secret," "L'Italiane à Alger," had already drawn crowded houses—but this time the concourse of people went beyond

all precedent; stalls, balconies, boxes and pit, all were filled—the hall alone was a magnificent spectacle; how can all this be explained? All the world knows the opera: yes, but the Italian *Lucia* is a very different person from the French *Lucie*, and this *Lucie* was a new stager, this her first appearance in Brussels—Mlle. Hinckley—young and pretty, and from the first her beauty decided her success—at her entrance on the stage she was greeted by the applause of the delighted crowd. She realized the ideal one forms of the poetic creation of Walter Scott.

She has not the appearance of a Southerner, and it is easy to discover, not an Italian. She is an American, educated in Italy, and Mr. Merelli first brought out at the Opera in Amsterdam, this *pearl of beauty*—this perfect model of youth and freshness. Her whole person is graceful, her acting full of attraction; she renders perfectly the *naïve* tenderness of *Lucia* for *Edgar*, in the duet of the first act. Her terror and despair, in the *finale* of the second—in the scene of madness—produced a profound impression.

The voice of Mlle. H. is as fresh as herself; without being broken to the exercise of vocalization, she possesses fine talent.

The air of the third act was sung by this charming artist better than by any *cantatrice* ever heard in Brussels in this *role*, and in a manner which well merited the enthusiastic applause and recall which greeted her. The public might have overlooked much in this beautiful person, but Mlle. H. did nothing which required pardon. She unites with the attractions of woman a talent which reaches towards perfection.

The success of Mlle. H. is an immense success; one can never grow weary of seeing and hearing her.

Musical Correspondence.

—, MASS., JULY 30.—I have been here for some time recruiting my health. One of my most delectable amusements—really the most pleasing of all, has been the perusal of your paper every Saturday afternoon. In it, we learn the state of musical matters generally. Why should not the true state of music in this place be set forth? Now for it.

The piano music that most prevails here are simple operatic arrangements. Now and then, and by mere chance, we hear one of Wollenhaupt's or Lysberg's parlor pieces. At a *reunion* lately it was my good fortune to hear one of Clementi's divertissements played in excellent style by a young lady of German parentage, who is undoubtedly the best *pianiste* of her sex here.

It was charming and refreshing, after the common hum-drum, bumping and thumping, which good natured, but silly people style fine pianoforte playing, and which to say the least, is mortifying to those who possess any thing like taste or experience. At the close I whispered my delight to a gentleman standing near by. "I am pleased," he replied, that you esteem this, but look how indifferent the company seems, it was just so at a party some time ago, at which I happened to be present, and at the end of this same piece, no one said good, bad, or even thanks, but a lady stepped up to her and asked, "Can you play Hubner's March?" Provoking! What a lamentable state of things! All this, and more arises from the fact that those would-be teachers, are in a fit condition to enter a musical academy and study hard with the view of obtaining certificates of competency. One of your subscribers—knows personally eleven female teachers who have only received forty-eight lessons, and some, only twenty-four from different pianists in Boston, who are now teaching in this city at the rate of six, eight and ten dollars for twenty four lessons. There are at the present time some females taking lessons from three pianists here, who assured me that these are giving lessons at the rate of twenty-five cents each, to beginners, so as to collect money to pay for their own lessons. I find no fault with people teaching for a low price, but I

utterly condemn and so must all right-thinking people censure those who presume to teach what they do not understand.

Every man and woman who happens to play an organ or melodeon in some meeting-house, gives lessons on the piano. The common opinion is, that if Miss *this*, and Mr. *that* plays psalm tunes decently, and a few *anti-Rinck* organ interludes, improvised without any regard to rhythm, or the laws of simple composition, they can teach "my Julia and my Charley to play on the piano." And they do teach with a vengeance. People think that to strike the keys and produce sounds in time, so that the tune is lively and marked, is to play the piano. They know nothing about the various modifications of touch and tone, nor of the thousand and one conventionalities of legitimate piano playing. Talk to them of *Æsthetics*, *Dynamics*, &c., &c., in connection with the instrument! Why, these are foreign terms! To play the piano for them, it is sufficient to play lively tunes, and to help the voice. Almost every body can play a jig, or a "break down," *ergo* every body can play on the piano, or rather prostitute the piano. This being the case, it is not surprising that music is at so low an ebb here. There is a band here. It plays quicksteps and marches very well. These became popularized, so that when one sits to the piano, the inquiry comes, "can you play the 'Mohawk Vale,' which the band plays so nicely?" On the other hand there are a few people—but very few among the *élite* especially, who have heard legitimate pianoforte, orchestral and vocal music abroad or in the metropolis. These are capable of appreciating good things, but as a general thing, people think more of Mason's and Bradbury's make-up of church tunes—of the countless numbers of psalm tunes concocted, metamorphosed, hashed and re-hashed from their simple, beautiful and original models, than they do of Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Beethoven's music. One reason perhaps, is, because they get a taste of these authors in those infamous books which are both a disgrace and a pest to the cause of *true church music* in this country. If the *élite* and those who lead matters of fashion in this place, would only initiate some step for the culture of good music, things would assume a better aspect. I see nothing to hinder us from engaging the Mendelssohn Quintette Club periodically during the coming fall, except that some people prefer to keep their money, or rather spend what they devote for amusement, in recreations of a far less refined nature than that of listening to music of an elevated character. Some time ago, when Mr. — played one of Beethoven's sonatas so admirably at a concert, the pervading stillness was said to be wonderful. Such a thing was not known before. The attention then given, did not arise from reverence for Beethoven, nor from common respect to the pianist, but chiefly because the *élite*—those who give a tone to society here, listened earnestly and approvingly.

In Germany the highest people patronize and take active parts in music, and the result is that the middle and lower classes become familiar with, and learn to esteem the great masters. Our "big folks" should do the same. As a young people in art and science, we must not, dare not reject great works because we cannot understand them. Rather let us seek to comprehend by association and constant intercourse—by listening to the voices that speak to us from the past in tones and sentiments that have thrilled maturer and more sympathetic souls than ours. As the German masters are most worthy of our attention as regards instrumental music, so are the Italians indisputably with reference to vocal. There are some people here who are fond of decrying Italian opera music, on the ground that they don't understand the Italian language. With equal consistency and for the better exhibition of their provoking ignorance, I would advise them to

cry against Tasso and Dante. Singing to people, makes them wonderfully polite towards you, especially if you pronounce clearly. I have been to several parties where they listened to a pretty song which had no remarkable feature, but a recurrence of regular rhythm—the melody being of the most common kind, while they would talk loudly during a pianoforte piece which was certainly superior intrinsically to the former. Here the commencement of a piano solo is the signal for talk—not whispers, but talk with a vengeance, so as to drown the performer's efforts. *

VIENNA, JULY 6.—The "interregnum" is here—that is, all opera is suspended. Salvi and his Italian troop have finished their season; the Court opera is having its annual vacation, and the "men singers and women singers" are scattered from Hungary to England, resting or playing as stars. Concerts are to be heard only in public gardens or in "Beer-Lokals," and these are hardly topics for a correspondent. What shall I write? Wherewithal shall the necessary amount of space be filled? What do you say to a letter of chit-chat? Here goes.

Salvi gave during his season fifty performances, divided among eight operas, thus: *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Traviata*, eight times each; *Norma*, seven; *Rigoletto*, six; *Rossini's Siege of Corinth*, five; *Donizetti's Elisir d'Amore*, five; *Barber of Seville*, four, and *Don Juan* three times.

What with assistance from the Government, and pretty, often very full houses, the season has been a successful one and will no doubt be repeated in the autumn.

Madame La Grua has gone to Paris.

Here is a paragraph to the old point of how much even small concerts do for music in central Europe. Darmstadt is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, and has a population of some thirty-five thousand or forty thousand inhabitants. The theatrical year continued from September 4, 1859 to May 23, 1860, and of one hundred and forty-nine performances on the Court stage, one hundred and five were musical operas, operettas, comic pieces with vocal and instrumental music, ballets and concerts. Thirty-eight operas filled seventy-six evenings, of which new on that stage were, *Linda di Chamounix*, Wagner's *Rienzi* and Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Operas newly put upon the stage, were *Rossini's Cinderella*, *Auber's Fra Diavolo*, *Niccolai's Merry wives of Windsor*, *Meyerbeer's North Star*, *Bellini's Norma*, *Wagner's Tannhauser*, and *Mozart's Titus*. *Rienzi* was given seven times, *Verdi's Sicilian Vespers*, five; others three or four times each, so that at least half that were given, were brought upon the stage for a single performance each. It is hardly necessary to add that all were given in the German language.

A few weeks since, a new opera in two acts, was given in the Kärnthnerthor Theater, here in Vienna—text by Alexander Baumann, music by Joseph Dessauer. The "Fremdenblatt" says of it:

"It may be said of 'Dominga' in the words of the well known criticism slightly adapted, 'it contains nothing that is new, and still less that is beautiful. We do not mean to say that Herr Dessauer as plagiarist has simply copied from others; but the themes of the various numbers of his opera and their forms have been so thoroughly used up, and are so common, that all airs, duets, concerted pieces and choruses sound old and familiar. The opera 'Dominga' is a feeble work, quite without buoyancy, and with no trace of originality. Sentimentality alternates with tasteless bravoura airs or would-be comic passages. This would-be comic element is wanting in humor, grace and freshness.' There is more to the same effect. I have not heard however that Herr Dessauer has taken up either pen or pistol to prove that his opera is good, and that this writer is all in the wrong.

One of the papers publishes the following exquisite puff of Leopold von Meyer. The old fellow understands "how to do it."

"The Royal Imperial chamber virtuoso Herr Leopold von Meyer had the honor on the 21st of June

to play in a Court concert of Queen Victoria, and rejoiced himself on that occasion with distinguished marks of honor, such as seldom are enjoyed by an artist. For when his turn came, and he was on the point of seating himself at the piano, the Duke of Coburg [think of this!] who was present advanced and presented his hand in the most hearty manner. When now the artist began to play, the Queen drew near in the most respectful manner, and placed herself behind the piano, in order carefully to observe his style of playing. Near the Queen found themselves standing [literal translation] the other high lordships present, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Flanders, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge. As the Queen was standing, so therefore the entire company rose—as well as all the artists.

After Herr von Meyer had concluded his number upon the programme, the Queen called upon him, to play another piece, and the artist complied with this flattering demand, by performing a new polka which will immediately appear in London under the title "Victoria Polka."

Herr von Meyer is the lion of the concert season and he is already engaged by the director of the Royal Theatre in London for the months of October and November, with the Italian opera troupe, with a very high salary and the full payment of all his expenses. In the mean time Herr von Meyer will visit the baths of Kissingen for his health, and return for a short time to Vienna."

(For the history of Tom Thumb at court, see Barnum's Memoirs.)

Meyer's next concert in Vienna will be jammed full of people, who wish to see that execution, which the Queen of England stood up to observe! It is a fact, though, that in his peculiar manner he has no equal.

A new opera was given in Stuttgart on the 23d of June, "The Night of St. John," the first work for the stage, of a young composer named Gustav Presel. It met with great success. Its great richness in melody is the point which the critics urge in its favor. No new work since Flotow's "Martha," has taken the Stuttgart people so by storm. Please explain the fact that just as Wagner is "becoming known and appreciated" all over Germany, that the works of Offenbach and others, who write in the old school of Dittersdorf and Weigl, giving the public only simple, melodious, healthy music are having such success?

A funny fellow in Berlin has been printing some drolleries, which purport to be leaves cut from albums, containing the autographs of singers and actors of the Spree city. Perhaps the wit is too local; but possibly a specimen or two may be comprehensible out of Berlin.

"Actors in general are thinking thoughtful artists; i. e., they think themselves artists."

"The Prophet is without honor in his own land—unless I sing it. THEODORE FORMES."

Another is a hit at the old and ugly dancers in the ballet.

"Physicians say, dancing is injurious to the health. Nonsense; for we have grown old and gray in the business."

Here is a curious item from Italy.

Before Garibaldi left Turin a benefit concert was given him, at which the music was from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mayseder—all Germans.

Hoffmann's most delightful picture of life in the olden time, "Meister Martin and his journeymen" has been dramatized into an opera text, and Wilhelm Tschirch has composed the music. If the opera equals the story—that is enough.

I said above that Salvi's operatic season must have been successful. According to the "Wanderer" this is a mistake, that paper says Salvi lost some

\$15,000 by the enterprise! The fact is, that the public will not support an opera in a foreign tongue—nay, it is doubtful if any opera can exist without assistance from the government.

It is stated that in August, Salvi's troop of singers, is to be followed in the Theater au der Wien by a troop of American gymnasts! A. W. T.

Offenbach is the son of the former music director or Cantor of the Jewish congregation in Cologne. He is now engaged upon a three-act opera.

VIENNA, JUNE 16.—My packet to-day was already sealed to go into the mail-box, when the "Journal" of the 2d inst., came to hand, and the note from Leipzig caught my eye.

"Our Diarist too has evidently had his mind wrought upon unfavorably with regard to Leipzig," you say in the few editorial lines prefixed to the communication. These words have led me to hunt up the only "note" I have sent on the subject to the "Journal" from which the following sentence is copied:

"I can, of course record no ex parte statement of the questions at issue [between the instructors and the pupils, who had left the institution] cannot decide as to the wisdom and propriety of the step which they have taken; but, *granting the facts as represented to me*, without hearing what the directors have to reply, it is their wisest course."

I also espouse no side in the controversy and the entire paragraph was written under a sense of the duty, which a musical journal owes to its supporters, to do all in its power to aid them in their best possible musical developments. Many of your younger readers hope to come to Germany to study. With already advanced pupils, I have often given my reasons for preferring a private course in Berlin; and these, as every reader knows, were on grounds simply on the advantages of a great capital over a smaller provincial city for general culture.

Now came grave charges. I felt it my duty to call upon such as know the truth to substantiate them, or by their silence acknowledge them unfounded. Pupils are now coming abroad at the rate of ten or twelve a year, and it is for them all important, that their time and (in many cases) their hardly earned savings, should be spent to the greatest advantage.

As you very well know, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, where young men and women study, if they in the end are only good musicians. The great wants of our students, with some exceptions, are two: proper early training, (in which most are sadly deficient) and general musical culture. Where they get those is of no importance if they do get them. As to the Conservatorium matter, why should we not have a plain statement of facts—if there are any to be told? A. W. T.

MR. THAYER.—Please correct a clause in your article of April 14th. The young lady of whom you speak as having left the Leipzig Conservatorium, had no reasons for leaving, otherwise than dissatisfaction with the method of teaching. If a lady is satisfied with her progress, I know of no reason why she should not remain. But if a young lady with a slender hand wishes to waste her time, lose her courage, and ruin her fingers, let her study under the Conservatorium teachers. At least this has been my own bitter experience. At the end of six months' study of this method, my hands had become so stiff that I could hardly play a scale. But I know nothing whatever against the respectability of the institution. I consider it quite as proper a place as any public institution of the kind can be for a lady. Payments in the Conservatorium are made quarterly, instead of a year in advance. No American who has left paid for any longer time than he was in, although two were requested to do so.

Special Notices.

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